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THE BOSTON GLOBE MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 2005

Lisa Carver, who has been a performance artist and a prostitute, delights in pushing her own boundaries and her audience's preconceptions.

DISTURBING BEHAVIOR

With a tell-all memoir and a shocking DVD retrospective, Lisa Carver goes out on a limb

By Sarah Tomlinson
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

Lisa Crystal Carver has been a lot of things in her 36 years. She's been a performance artist who antagonized her audiences and urinated in litter boxes onstage. She's been a prostitute and a sex writer. She was an early originator of fanzine culture whose handmade magazine, Rollerderby, was chockablock with smart, sassy commentary on sex, pop culture, and alternative rock. She was the wife of two controversial, much older artists, and is the mother of two children.

Through it all, this native of Dover, N.H., has been a deft and funny memoirist, who used her painful childhood and troubled past to explore our personal and cultural beliefs about parenting, sexuality, gender and class politics, and romance.

Her latest book, "Drugs Are Nice: A Post-Punk Memoir," covers her life between ages 18 and 32 — an era she hadn't previously addressed — and documents a chapter in the counterculture that she hadn't seen recorded elsewhere.

CARVER, Page B8

Book Review

With 'Heroes,' Turow makes his case as a war novelist

By Nan Goldberg
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

On Page 1 of "Ordinary Heroes," Scott Turow's new novel, Stewart Dubinsky is at a funeral parlor, arranging to bury his father, David. It's a common scene, almost a cliche in novels and movies, and readers will probably feel simultaneously drawn in and distanced by its predictability, as Stewart's mother chooses a casket "big enough to require a hood ornament."

Then, in the third paragraph, Turow zooms in on the funeral director: " 'Was David a veteran?' he asked. The undertaker was the cleanest-looking man I'd ever seen, with lacquered nails, shaped eyebrows, and a face so smooth I suspected electrolysis."

That quick sketch takes the reader from outside the scene to deep inside, intensely evoking the strangeness and the alienation from reality of such places. And it instantly establishes Turow as a nuanced observer of human beings and the landscapes of their personal dramas, including an instinct for conveying the essential details that turn a novel into a living organism.

"Ordinary Heroes" is a World War II novel, and as such is a departure for Turow, who's best known for his best-selling legal thrillers. But it is also the story of a son seeking to understand his late father. Its part-time narrator, Stewart, is a former newspaper reporter who puts his research skills to work after David dies and Stewart discovers, in his father's bedroom closet, a stack of returned letters from a fiancee named Grace who was unknown to Stewart. Even more upsetting is Grace's reference to David's court-martial in 1945.

Despite David's lifelong unwillingness to reveal himself to his son, Stewart cannot imagine his father of being guilty, or even *appearing* to be guilty, of treason. But, citing the wishes of his father, who was a military lawyer during the war, Stewart's mother refuses to explain.

Stewart then embarks on a private

"ORDINARY HEROES," Page B8

Scott Turow's compelling new novel features an intricate combination of action and sentiment.

Devin Bernard is slowly adjusting to his new school in Newton. Devin's family — his mother, stepfather, and five brothers — moved there after fleeing New Orleans during Hurricane Katrina.

Living in suburbia, they long for home

UNSETTLED
One family's journey

Fourth in an occasional series
By Irene Sege
GLOBE STAFF

NEWTON — In the banter that leavens a lab on organic molecules in sophomore biology, two girls playfully argue about which of them will be Russell Bernard's date to the junior prom, to which Russell shakes his head. "I'm only going to the senior prom," he says with a laugh.

What Russell, 15, doesn't say is that the prom he envisions is back in hurricane-ravaged New Orleans, at Warren Easton High School, not here at Newton South. He and his five younger brothers and his mother and his stepfather may be settling in physically — the boys are in school, the three-bedroom house being rented for them until June finally has furniture, his stepdad traded a construction job in Dorchester for one in Newton — but time is intensifying, not alleviating, Russell's yearning for home.

"I just miss everything," he says. "Everything. Like the whole New Orleans."

At their schools, Russell and his brothers seem engaged in their new surroundings, from 6-year-old Isaiah leafing through a book in first grade at the Mason-Rice School to Russell shaking hands and greeting classmates between classes. Seven-year-old twins Tevin and Devin participate in an afterschool reading program, and even shy Tevin has relaxed. Tytis, 8, and Tyrone, 13, play basketball Saturdays in Waltham. Tyrone and Russell play football for Brown Middle School and Newton South, respectively, and one rainy Friday night, there was the whole family, cold and wet, watching South's varsity team play Concord-Carlisle

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